The Times' Daily Short Story.

A SUMMER COUPLE

[Original.]

They met in the sweet summer time in the mountains. He was thirty-two, she twenty-eight. At such an age "spooning" is supposed to be either over or on the wane, but in this case the man at least seemed to be as ready as a boy of twenty. Besides, the moment he laid eyes on the girl he was drawn to her by some unexplainable attraction. Was it that he had met his affinity—that she, too, showed something like recognition of a mate? He was fond of the mythical and a strong believer in pre-existence. Might they not have met in some other form, some other world?

There were walks through valleys and over the sides of precipitous mountains. There were rides on roads hard and white, with occasional views of the broad valley of a noble river 4,000 or 5,000 feet below. There were picnics at cascades, boat rides on mountain lakes. In these amusements the two sooner or later drifted together, and when a few weeks had passed the man acted as if all time not passed in her company was so much time lost. Then he awoke to a sudden realization of the fact that in a few days it would be the 31st of August, when the season would be over and the guests scattered.

It was the evening before their separation. They were sitting on the piazza of the hotel. A moon slightly past the full rose in the east and lighted up a stretch of valley land far below, visible through a gap in the mountains. Moonlight is becoming to a woman's features, and a natural strength in hers was softened into a delicious feminine repose. He was fond of the mythical poetry of the Germans, and, listening as he did to the tumbling of water in a mountain stream near by, he almost fancied his companion a Lorelei or a water fay. He was full of poetic fervor, and his expression took form in poetic words.

"Do you know," he said, "that looking down on that panorama of mingled mist and confusion of dimly lighted undulation there is in me a vague sense of some far distant land in which I have lived?"

"I don't even remember," she said, "when I was a baby."

This was a bit practical, but he did not notice it.

"We look out into the heavens," he went on, "and in nebulæ see universes forming. We know that nothing is destroyed. Matter forms, disintegrates, forms again and again disintegrates. This is what we call birth and death. The particles of which the forms are composed were never born, never die. They existed always and will always exist."

"Are not we forms," she asked, "of more consequence than unfeeling matter?"

"We are, and if there is one attribute within us that is immortal it is love. Love is eternal. There are loves, I admit, that are fleeting, but they are not real loves."

"Not the real thing, you mean?"

He looked at her suspiciously. Was she not capable of following him, or was this a touch of sarcasm? She looked so innocent that he passed the remark.

"Somehow," he went on, "when I first saw you it seemed that we two had met in a previous existence; not only had met, but loved. 'If I could be blessed with an eternal love,' I said to myself, 'I would choose it with her.' Since then the days have flitted happily by, and every day has strengthened this feeling. Now, when I look down on that moonlit plain, with its gilded river thread running through its center, it brings to me with an indescribable vagueness, yet vividness, somewhere in which you and I have met and loved. I choose to think it a love that has had no birth and will have no death, a perpetual mingling of two souls."

He paused. He was very happy, for he was in his element. His disposition was artistic, and his surroundings were artistic. There were the towering peaks, the distant plain, and there beside him was the girl, her features bathed in moonlight.

"I know it is foolish to ask such a question," he said, "but have you any glimmerings of such a past?"

"Yes," she whispered. "We have met before."

"At last I have found one besides myself to remember a pre-existence. I shall never again doubt my theory."

"Our meeting," she continued, "was not in some vague land myriads of years ago and myriads of miles away; our love was not developed in a nebulous cloud. It was at the seashore ten years ago. You have grown older and have absorbed theories since then, but you talk of love in the same strain you talked of it then. It was not nebulous love you told me of as we listened to the breakers, but love in a cottage. I was eighteen, and it was pleasant to listen to. I was a summer girl and did not cherish it. But I have remembered you, which is more than you have done in forgetting me."

"What, the blue eyed flirt of Edgemere?"

"Yes, and we girls called you the love maker of the Cliff House."

"The summer is ended," she added, "and this is my last as a summer girl. Next season I shall be on the eve of thirty, when girls pass into old maids. With you it is different. A man can be a summer man as long as he lives. Go on for ten or twenty years more and be happy."

"This, too, is my climax. Let us leave the field together and enter a new world together—not a nebulous world; a home."

"Come and see me when we are returned to the city."

MYRA ETHEL WESTBROOK.

SIRES AND SONS.

Sir Thomas Lipton will visit Boston after the races are over as the guest of Mayor Collins.

John H. Fahey, for the last eight years manager of the Associated Press in New England, has purchased control of the Boston Traveler.

Dr. August Manns of London recently entered his seventy-ninth year. He has been a musical conductor in London for half a century.

Ex-United States Senator Frank Hiscock of New York will entertain President Roosevelt at his home in Syracuse when the latter visits that city on Labor day.

The youngest professor in the world is probably Albert Spalding, who is thirteen and was recently made professor of music at the conservatorium in Bologna.

William Garrett, inventor of the steel rod and widely known in steel circles, died recently at Mount Clemens, Mich. He built every rod mill in Germany and was as well known to the steel men of Europe as to those of this country.

Arthur Barclay, the newly elected president of Liberia, is of pure African stock, born in Jamaica, whence his parents emigrated to the African republic when he was still a child. He has already held several government positions there.

George E. Calvert, an employee of the United States court of claims, is the nearest lineal descendant of the Lords Baltimore in this country and would bear the title Lord Baltimore if it were not now extinct. He is a genial middle aged gentleman of modest and retiring disposition.

General Fitz-Hugh Lee has accepted the invitation of the Daughters of the Revolution of Jersey City to deliver an oration at the unveiling of the Paulus Hook battle monument, Jersey City, on Oct. 24. General Lee is a descendant of Light Horse Harry Lee, who commanded the Americans in the Paulus Hook fight, July 19, 1779.

In Many Places.

Mrs. McCall—I see you've got a new girl. Has she had much experience as a cook?

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Apparently not much, but many, and I propose to give her notice to hunt up another experience when her week's up.—Philadelphia Press.

Quite Familiar.

Doctor—Do I think I can cure your catarrh? Why, I am sure of it.

Patient—So you're very familiar with the disease?

Doctor—I should say so! I've had it myself all my life.—Judge.

SMART SET FRIENDSHIPS.

They Usually Have a Purpose, Social, Political or Financial.

There are friends in what is labeled "the smart set" whose motto in life would appear to be, "Banish dull care." These are the people who give those cheerful dinners where nobody cares a rap for precedence. Everybody takes his affinity in to dinner. The host starts off with the prettiest girl, and the hostess is taken down by some beardless boy. It is Liberty hall, with nicknames for all present, abundance of "chaff" and stories something more than risky. They are all great friends, of course, and call each other "dear things" and know exactly how much is meant by that, while they smile sweetly and say "Cat!" in connection with most of them behind their backs. Few of these so called friendships in society are made without a purpose, either political, social or financial. The peeress wants a "tip" from the millionaire, either a Stock Exchange tip or one affecting coin or copper or whatever his special line may be. Our "nice" friends are nice in so far as they are useful to us. At the same time, in justice to society, it ought to be pointed out that no one is taken in by these interested friendships. The people who only make friends calculating how much they will benefit thereby are seen through by everybody and disliked so openly that only their toadies fail to let them see it. —London Outlook.

The Finishing Touch.

The small boy with his eyes open often knows more of things as they are than the artist who draws things as they are not. An illustrator who is winning laurels by his fine work maintains that his most valuable critic is his son, a boy of twelve.

He knows little about drawing, says the artist, but he has a quick sense for beauty and a keen imagination as well. Not long ago I had to make a drawing of a street full of people running to a fire. I flattered myself I had made a lifelike and moving scene and submitted it to my boy with a feeling of satisfaction.

He surveyed it for a moment, hands in his pockets, head on one side. Then he said:

"The people are all right, but where's the dog?"

"The dog?" I inquired. "What dog?"

"Any dog," he said in a tone of pity for my dullness. "Why, father, don't you know there's always at least one dog running alongside and getting under everybody's feet when you're going to a fire? Haven't you ever been to a fire, father, or seen a crowd going to one?"

When I thought it over I knew he was right, and the dog went in.—

MORE CORN TO AN ACRE

Iowa Man's Plan to Increase the Yield.

LITTLE WORK SAID TO BE NEEDED

The Seed Kernels Are Sorted by Hand According to Size and the Planter—On One Farm the Yield Increased From Fifty-eight to Seventy-two Bushels—Trophy Offered to Corn Growers.

"Let every farmer in the seven great corn states give a few winter evenings, and 480,000,000 bushels will be added to the annual crop of the corn belt."

In these words Professor P. G. Holden of the State Agricultural college, Ames, Ia., summarizes the campaign instituted by himself and the Iowa Corn Growers' association, says a Sioux City dispatch to the Kansas City Star.

It is not increased acreage that Professor Holden wants; it is better results from the present acreage. It is not by any artificial culture he would bring about these apparently gigantic results. He promises and demonstrates that they will be realized if the farmer does the simple thing of putting a hundred live kernels of corn in every thirty hills.

Entirely unique in the science of agronomy is the experimental work of Professor Holden, and throughout the state of Iowa he has convinced meetings of farmers that a professor in an agricultural college has a reform that is thoroughly practical. In a word, his plan requires only the sorting by hand of seed corn into lots of uniform size and the filing of plates in corn planters in such a way as to drop the required number of grains of corn in each hill. The missionary work is being extended to other states, and it is proposed to have every farmer in the corn belt eventually find how to plant his corn to get the best yield.

The Iowa Corn Growers' association has been formed by farmers, and only farmers, who believe Professor Holden's theory is right. W. C. Whiting of Whiting, Ia., in charge of the agricultural division of the Iowa commission for the Louisiana Purchase exposition, has personally presented to the Ames college and the Corn Growers' association a trophy valued at $450, which will be awarded annually for seventy-five years for the best results in corn growing according to Professor Holden's theory. The trophy is entirely unique, representing an ear of corn eighteen inches long, the husks of silver and ear of gold, standing on an ebony base. Upon the base are four scrolls of silver decorated by tiny golden ears of corn, upon which will be inscriptions of the names of the winners and the object for which the cup was given.

To find how much the farmers of Iowa are losing each year by not properly planting corn, Professor Holden last year sent 1,000 letters to all parts of Iowa, asking the number of stalks in each hill in cornfields. He found the stand was only 75 per cent of what he has demonstrated will produce the largest yield, and last year's corn crop was generally considered a good stand. The other day he himself inspected twenty-four of the best cornfields he could find.

"I found," he reported to a meeting of the Iowa Corn Growers' association in Sioux City, "from 39 to 86.2 per cent of a perfect stand. The average loss was 28.7 per cent. I do not mean by this that the field that has five stalks in each hill is better than one with four and that hills of six stalks are better than hills of five. I have found that the best results are obtained from an average of about three and a third stalks to a hill. Our experiments have shown that one stalk in a hill will produce only one-third as much corn as a proper number of stalks, two stalks three-fourths of a yield, and five stalks the same. In making my tables I counted either three or four stalks a 100 per cent stand.

"For ten years the average yield of corn in Iowa has been approximately thirty-five bushels. A yield of thirty-five bushels with a 70 per cent stand, which is the average found in a number of years, would become fifty bushels with a 100 per cent stand."

The acreage planted to corn in the seven states growing over 100,00,000 bushels of corn in 1902 was: Illinois, 9,623,680; Iowa, 9,302,688; Nebraska, 7,817,962; Kansas, 7,451,693; Missouri, 6,775,194; Indiana, 4,520,637; Ohio, 3,200,224. The combined acreage was about 48,000,000. A gain of ten bushels an acre, or a 90 per cent stand, which Professor Holden thinks is easily attainable, would mean an increase in the annual yield of these states of 480,000,000 bushels.

On the big Funk farm at Bloomington, Ill., Professor Holden's theory was carried out last year. Several thousand acres were planted with seed sorted by hand through planters adjusted to drop the proper number of kernels. Previously the best yield was fifty-eight bushels per acre. Last year the average was seventy-two bushels. Of the gain Professor Holden estimates 80 per cent was due to the stand and 20 per cent to the excellent germinating power of the seed. In the experimental fields under Professor Holden's control the yield has never been less than sixty bushels since 1890.

"That isn't practical," objected a farmer in one of Professor Holden's meetings. "The idea of my sorting grains of corn by hand! I have something better to do."

"All right," answered Professor Holden. "We will say that you hire the work done by a man to whom you pay $2 per day. He will sort at least a bushel of shelled corn every day. That bushel will plant seven acres of ground. The fact that it has been sorted will add at least ten bushels to the acre yield. At an average price of 30 cents a bushel that would mean a return of $21 for the $2 you invested in having the corn sorted. But you can do it as well on winter evenings, when it will have cost you nothing."

The imperfect stands of corn, Professor Holden says, are due to the irregular shapes of the kernels and the lack of adjustment of the drop plates in the planter. Kernels taken at random from full ears of corn and sown through ordinary plates will fall very unevenly. The plate should be filed so as to drop each size of kernel almost uniformly and the kernels sorted according to size.

When the kernels were sorted for size and arranged in two lots and plates adjusted for each lot, one test resulted in one kernel being dropped twice, two kernels two times, three kernels ninety-five times and four kernels one time. The other lot dropped two kernels four times, three kernels ninety-two times and four kernels four times—practically a perfect stand.

So Professor Holden says that the season of corn planting should be prepared for in advance by sorting the kernels into lots and throwing out those which will not germinate well, and then filing a plate to drop each of the kernels of each lot the proper number of times. The plates and lots should be labeled, and for each lot of seed the plates should be changed in planting.

WEATHER BY SEASONS.

Predictions to Be Made by Observations at a New Observatory.

To predict weather by seasons is the next step which science is anxious to take in its progression along meteorological lines, and this step is one of the important subjects which will be discussed at the gathering of the leading meteorologists of the world at Southport, England, beginning Sept. 7, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau, will represent his bureau at the convention.

The fact that the United States is building a meteorological research observatory at Mount Weather, Va., for the study of higher meteorological problems places the United States in the lead on the question of weather. Professor Moore says that it is the intention to make this observatory the most complete in the world for the study of advanced meteorological problems, and it is his purpose to visit several important mountain observatories in Europe before his return in order that the new observatory may have the advantage of every advance which has been made in higher meteorology.

The chief of the Washington weather bureau believes that the development of the science along the lines to be pursued by the Mount Weather observatory will ultimately lead to the correct prediction of weather conditions by seasons, which would seem to be the Mecca of the science.

TO TEACH HAPPINESS

Paris' Newest School to Take Up a Vital Matter.

A "school of happiness" is to be opened at Paris in the autumn by Dr. Paul Valentin, says the Philadelphia Press. A complete course of lectures on the subject will be given.

One of the "teachers" recently declared that "men and women will be taught the art of happiness just as they are taught that of painting or of playing the piano." Among the kinds of happiness to be lectured upon will be how to be happy although married. Dr. Valentin considers that conjugal felicity depends upon three things—"circumstances which he does not define and over which one may not always have control, cerebral equilibrium between the two parties and suitability of character."

A periodical will be published by the school called the Normal Life.

Placing the Blame.

Caller—So the doctor brought you a little sister the other night, eh?

Tommy—Yeh; I guess it was the doctor done it. Anyway I heard him tellin' pa some time ago 'at if pa didn't pay his old bill he'd make trouble fur him.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

PLUCKING SHEEP.

Shearing Process Not Used In Shetland on Pure Bred Animals.

The pure bred sheep in Shetland are not shorn, but plucked. The process takes place generally in June, when the fleece is "ripe" and the silky wool can be pulled off without pain.

This is called "rooing" and is much less damaging to the young fiber than clipping with shears. The wool when thus handled retains its peculiar softness, so that any one of experience can tell whether the material of a knitted article has been plucked or shorn. It ripens first upon the neck and shoulders, so that sheep half pulled resemble in some sort a poodle that is clipped.

We must suppose that harsher handling prevailed at one time, for we read that in 1616 the Scottish privy council spoke of the custom as still kept up "in some remote and uncivil places," and James I. wrote to tell them that it had been put down in Ireland under penalty of a fine. Upon this they passed an act on March 17, 1616, deploring the destruction of sheep thus caused and imposing similar fines on those who should persist in the practice.

Giving an Opinion.

Taddles—I used to think a good deal of Straddles, but—

Waddles—You don't say so? What has he done?

"The other day I asked him to call round and give me his opinion of an article of mine on 'The Impending Crisis.' Well, he came all right; but he brought a little thing of his own for me to hear, and, confound him, he wasted all the evening with his egotistical trash."